

The Loyal London Prentice:

Being his Constant Resolution, to hazard his
Life and Fortune for his KING.

With his Defiance to Popery and Faction.

I'le plainly make it to appear,
That I'm a True Born Cavaleir,
And here my Colours have Display'd,
'Gainst all the Factious that Invade.

I wear this Ribbond in my Hatt,
For all the Whiggs to wonder at,
Let none then Tax my Loyalty,
My King I'le serve until I dye.

To a pleasant Old Tune, called, *The Royal Rose*.



I Am a True Born Cavaleir,
And so my Father was before,
I scorn your Factious Presbyter,
And hate the thoughts of Babels whore.

*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

The Churches Right I will maintain,
As long as I have Life and Breath,
Establish'd by Great Charles again,
That will I follow unto Death.

Then let us all, &c.

This Ribbond in my Hat I ware,
Is for to shew my Loyalty,
'Tis my Kings Colours that I bare,
And him I'le serve until I dye.

Then let us all, &c.

I'le leave Fanatics in the Lurch,
And Citizens that soe Sedition,
I own the True Establish'd Church,
And hate the damn'd screw'd Precision.

Then let us all, &c.

My Master he was one of they,
That use to Repeat long winded Grace,
And still at Night did go to Pray,
'Gainst Scarlet Coats with Silver Lace.

Then let us all, &c.

To Lawn Sleeves he's a Mortal Foe,
And hates all those that go to Church,
He ne're could bring me to his Bowe,
For I still left him in the Lurch.

*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

He'd have me to their Meeting Rout,
But when his Book I there did bring,
I'd Steal away, being Devout,
To Pray for Charles our Gracious King.

*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

Thus did I use to serve him oft,
And never car'd to stay at home,
When Codshad was for Codshad bought
Then I abroad did use to Roam.

Then let us all, &c.

And 'mongst a Crew of Loyal Boys,
Who always hate the Rebel Sect,
We there did Sing, and make a noise,
Trying to Drink us out of Debt.

Then let us all, &c.

Who ever takes it in disgrace,
That I this Loyal Favour ware,
I'le spit my Venome in his Face,
And for his Anger do not care.

Then let us all, &c.

I never yet did hide my Head,
From any Rascal of 'em all,
I'le serve my King till I am Dead,
The longest liver then take all.

Then let us all, &c.

So now my Merry Boyes appears,
We'l cause the Bells for joy to Ring,
And shew our selves true Cavaleirs,
Nay loose our lives for Charles our King.

*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

For such a Gracious Prince this Land,
Sine it was England never had.
Thn let him live, and long command,
Ad on his Foes for ever tread.

*Vbilst that we all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*

Hi lawful Heirs and Successors,
We will endeavour to Maintain,
Art stand by them in Peace and Wars,
Wien he above with Christ does Reign.
Mean while lets all, &c.

Though Prentices in Forty One,
Dd their Allegiance quite forget,
Ad by Tub-Preachers backed on,
Three Kingdoms in Confusion set.
But now will all, &c.

No Pope nor Prerbyter, shall shake
Our Loyalty, with all their Art,
We'll laugh to Shame, those undertake
To make us from Allegiance start.
And we will all, &c.

No Jesuit shall us surprize,
With all the Craft he can invente,
Nor Presbyter with turn'd up Eyes,
Our Loyalty shall e're prevent.
But we will all, &c.

Although the Factious do Repine
At this our Loyalty, yet still
To Rout the Rump we will combine,
And for great Charles our Blood we'll spill.
*Then let us all together Sing,
And drink a health to Charles our King.*